The Rover,

To which are added,

A Piper on the Meadows,

To the Greenwood gang,

The Topſails ſhiver i the Wind.

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The ROVER.

OF all the men breathing a Rover
is my delight,
If he rambles all day he will pleaſe me
well at night,
With his coat and pack upon his back
he rambles to and fro,
His dwelling is uncertain wherever he
does go
Thus he dues range the nation his
fancy to divert,
With youthful recreation he does de-
delight each heart,
Among the pretty laſſes at market,
town or fair
Thus life he daily paſſes, free from ſtrife
and care.
If he be melancholy his ſpirits ſoon
will chear,
With Nancy, Kate, and Nelly, drink-
ing of good beer,
Like a brave Iriſhman he calls for
punch galore,
And like a jolly Toper he then paſs off
the ſcore
In Longford he buys yarn, he's a
Pedlar in Mullingar,
And among the pretty laſſes diſpoſes of
his ware
At Granard he's a cooper, a tinker in
Ballyboy,

And he does kiſs his landlady, his reckning for to pay:
At Mountmelick he's a tanner, a hatter in Athlone,
And for a ſkilful Doctor, in Boyle he is well known,
When he comes to Sligo, he makes good whiſkey there,
And in ſweet Inniſkillen he deals in maidens ware
He's a weaver in Londonderry, a ſhoemaker in Strabane,
A hair-merchant in Henmary, a brewer in Colerain.
Where he makes good humming beer, and loves a bonny maid,
But when he comes to Belfaſt town, he's a butcher by his trade.
In Liſburn he's a joiner, a glazier in Lurgan town,
In Dromore he's a brazier, a ſmith in Portadown,
Armagh he is a piper, a merchant in Newry-town,
And when he comes to Drogheda, he draws the beer that's brown
In Dublin he's a carpenter and works all by his rule,
In Wicklow he's a minor, in Arklow keeps School,
He's a founder in Enniſcorthy, a ba-

He's a founder in Enniſcorthy, a baker in Carlow town,
And by the famous deeds he does gain honour and renown
In Wexford and Kilkenny he drinks good ale and beer.
In Thurles he's a toper and courts a maiden fair,
A ſhearman when in Carrick, a dyer in Clonmel,
In Waterford a currier and dreſſes leather well.
In Dungarvan he's a fiſherman, and often plows the main
In Youghal a wool comber, makes his wool ſhine,
He's a jovial rake in Mollow, among the jovial blades.
Where he does ſport and frolic among the pretty maids.
In Bandon, Cork and Bantry, Roſscarbery and Kinſale,
He is a jolly ſmugler, in foreign ware does deal,
And to pleaſe the maids he ventures all his ſtore,
And like a gallant heroe he roves from ſhore to ſhore
A Gentleman in Killarney, a gamſter in Tralee,
And through the whole country he a